American's Home Made Into Hostel for Blind Heroes

WONDERFUL Work for British Soldiers and Sailors Who Have Lost Their Sight in Battle Is Being Carried on at "St. Dunstan's," One of the Finest Residences in London, Now the Property of Otto Kahn, the American Millionaire—Men Are Taught to Be Stenographers, Carpenters, Poultry Keepers, Masseurs and Even Divers—Founder and Genius of the Place Is C. Arthur Pearson, the Blind ex-Publisher—A Crew of Expert Blind Oarsmen.

FOUNDER OF "ST. DUNSTAN'S HOSTEL," ON RIGHT.

C. Arthur Pearson, the ex-publisher, blind himself, now devotes his life to work for others similarly afflicted. The photograph shows him with one of his blind soldier guests.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, October 28, 1915.

WHEN Otto Kahn, the American millionaire, visits St. Dunstan's, his beautiful home in Regent's Park, nowadays, he must find it hard, indeed, to recognize the wonderful mansion that was built by the third Marquis of Hertford, original of the wicked Lord Steyne in "Vanity Fair."

For what was the wonderful ballroom, with its lofty walls of red, white and gold, is now filled with desks, at which young men with shades or bandages over their eyes and with quiet women sitting beside them are working typewriters and pounding away at other queer little machines that look like typewriters and yet obviously are not. In the former library another group of young fellows are sitting around a skeleton and obviously studying anatomy. In what was the conservatory plants worth a king's ransom have given way to benches and carpenters' tables, at which bootmaking, joinery and basket and mat making are in active progress, while in part of the beautiful grounds, sacred hitherto to tennis, croquet and, no doubt, to polite philandering, the humble occupation of poultry keeping is quite evidently going on.

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At first sight there is nothing particularly surprising in this metamorphosis of one of the most renowned mansions and most beautiful estates in the London district, for, with such an endless amount of war work going on everywhere, stately mansions all over the metropolis are being used for that purpose. Even the most casual observer, however, could not fail to recognize that the men, all young, vigorous looking and apparently lighthearted, that one sees doing stunts here are not ordinary war workers, and at the second glance one sees that they are all blind, and that so, too, are those who are instructing them.

These men are one and all British soldiers and sailors who have been blinded in battle, some by bullets, some through explosions and some through pure shock, and here at "St. Dunstan's Hostel," as the American millionaire's mansion has been renamed, they are being taught trades that will enable them hereafter to earn their own living. More than that, in fact! They are being taught, as the phrase there goes, "how to be blind," which means, in a word, how to manage best and be at least fairly happy in spite of their terrible affliction, perhaps the worst that can happen to one.

The man who started this hostel and who carries it on with characteristic energy and wonderful cheerfulness is a blind man, one of the most wonderful of his time. He is C. Arthur Pearson, the ex-publisher, whose story is well known. Beginning as an ordinary clerk in the famous house of Newnes, which issues many well known publications, he rapidly worked himself up to the position of its manager, which he occupied for several years. Then he started out on his own hook, launched a weekly and made a success of it by means of the "missing word contest," started a monthly and made a success of it, and from that went on until a few years ago he was one of the most successful and powerful men in the publishing world of London, owner of the Daily Express and the Standard, as well as of several provincial papers, and one of the strongest supporters in England of the late Joseph Chamberlain and his tariff reform policy. Report says that he more than once declined the offer of a proud title. And then he lost his sight! Lost it first by degrees and then outright. It was a "bludgeoning of chance" that would have crushed most men, but not Arthur Pearson.

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Always a philanthropist (his "fresh air fund" for poor children has brought happiness into thousands of wretched little lives), instead of sitting down and lamenting his hard fate, he devoted himself instead to efforts to ameliorate the lot of others afflicted like himself. Into the details of what he has accomplished in that direction one need not go, but the National Institute for the Blind, of which he is now president, is one tangible result of his efforts. When the war broke out Pearson devoted himself to relief work. The Prince of Wales' fund, which has collected something like $30,000,000, was his creation. When men began coming home blinded from the front, Pearson saw for himself a new field of usefulness. These brave fellows, who believed that life was ended for them, must be shown that they could still be useful citizens; that they could even be fairly happy.

With the aid of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Pearson started a temporary home for them, but he wanted one that would be ideal. So he went to his friend Otto Kahn, of the famous firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and coolly asked for the loan of St. Dunstan's, his beautiful London home, for this purpose, and (all honor to the American) got it.

This famous mansion, which has passed through many hands since the Marquis of Hertford built it, nearly a hundred years ago, and which Otto Kahn has owned for upward of thirteen years, is undeniably one of the choicest residences in or about London. It is surrounded by an estate of fifteen acres which adjoins and formerly was part of Regent's Park, one of the loveliest and "wildest" of London's renowned open spaces and which includes a beautiful lake. Looking from the picturesque "terrace," in the rear of the mansion, one might easily imagine one's self in the heart of the country, for not one single trace of London can be seen, nothing but undulating lawn, trees and water.

Truly an almost ideal temporary home for sightless victims of war. And what unbelievable things they learn here, to be sure! To be divers for one thing—can you credit it?—as well as to be masseurs (hence the anatomy class), telephone operators, shorthand writers and typists, poultry experts, bootmakers, carpenters, basket makers and a dozen other things. This, too, almost entirely from blind teachers—for, as Pearson himself pithily put it: "If you, as a man with sight, tell one of these chaps to 'buck up,' because he can learn carpentry, say, quite easily, he is apt to think, 'Go to the dickens! What do you know about it?' But if a blind man who is an expert carpenter tells him the same thing, he is the more likely to believe it, and to pitch in with courage and enthusiasm."

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Meanwhile, in their leisure moments, these blind "Tommies" and "Jacks" learn to row on the lake in the grounds and become expert oarsmen, as the exploits of the St. Dunstan's crack "four" prove. In races on the Thames at Putney, during the past summer, they bested several blind crews from other institutions, and so recently as Thursday last, over the same course, they met a "sighted" crew from Emmanuel College and beat it decisively.

"By four lengths," declared one of the pretty volunteer helpers at St. Dunstan's, who described the races to the writer. "We say by six lengths, but they dispute that. Still it was a fine win for our fellows and mighty proud they were."

Of course, the "cox" in such cases has to be a "sighted" person. Rowing, it seems, is the form of recreation which these blind soldiers like best, because it is the only one in which they can feel that they are conducting other people, instead of being conducted by them.

Perhaps the best way of "visualizing" St. Dunstan's for you will be to describe how it was shown to the writer by the genius of it all, C. Arthur Pearson himself. He is there, among his "boys," as he calls them, practically all the time, and spends the rest in visiting the hospitals, interviewing blinded men there, and putting hope into them by telling them what can be done for them at the house that was built by the famous and naughty nobleman who was one of the original creators of the celebrated "Wallace collection," and whom Thackeray immortalized.

Arrived at St. Dunstan's, and awaiting one's turn to be received by its energetic head, one sees doors open and men emerge who obviously are blind, and yet who go straight ahead on their way to one part of the building or another as if in full possession of their sight. And then one notices that on the floor between the doorways are paths of green baize, and has it explained that these are placed there so as to guide the blind men.

So long as they are on the baize path the latter know exactly where they are going; if they step off they realize that they have missed their way, and the immediate thing to do is to step on again.

But here is C. Arthur Pearson coming to greet his caller, and one rises to return his greeting with curiosity, mingled with sympathy. The writer had not seen him for ten years. Then he was most active. He has changed little, save for his dark eyes, which are obviously sightless. Tall and well built, and, quite evidently, as full of "ginger" as ever, the only other sign of his affliction is the fact that when he extends his hand to grasp yours he puts it out, not straight, but far to the side, and too high up, making it necessary for you to do the same.

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"Now let me take you round," he says, and with quick strides leads the way along a baize path into the former ballroom, where some twenty or thirty sightless exwarriors are studying Braille and reading it, working typewriters and tapping at the other queer little machines that have been mentioned. These prove to be shorthand machines, which write the signs, in Braille, on a thin paper tape. This the operator reads, between his fingers, and then transcribes the contents on a special Braille typewriter.

"These machines are necessary," said Pearson, "because no blind person can write accurately by hand. My own writing has now become next to indecipherable. Soon it will have become quite so. But, with the aid of these machines, there is nothing to prevent any of these chaps from becoming expert stenographers and typewriters.

"Now, let's go out into the grounds," he continued, and led the way through a doorway and out upon the terrace, at the front of which was a flight of some four or five stone stairs. The writer noticed that he was now on a slate path, which out of doors takes the place of the baize ones within. Pearson was ahead, just at the top of the stairs. Involuntarily the writer took his arm, but he released himself gently.

"I'm quite all right," he laughed, and then it was noticed that just above the first step and under the last there were wooden boards. "A board means danger," he explained. "It tells me, for example, that I am at the top of the stairs and will tell me when I am at the bottom."

So he went down with brisk steps, and then set off once more, following the slate path along the gravel. Suddenly, with unerring sense of position, he stopped in front of an ancient-looking clock, set in the side of the mansion. Above it was a huge bell, on either side of which were two giant figures, armed with hammers, which, run by mechanism, strike the hours.

"That is the thing," said Pearson, pointing, just as if he could see it, "from which this house takes its name. Those figures and the clock once were in the steeple of the old city Church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, and the Marquis of Hertford, when he was a little boy, used to be taken down by his nurse to see them. He made up his mind then, they say, that when he grew up and had a house of his own he would have those figures if they could be gotten, and have them he did, as you see. When, in 1825, the old Regent's Park was parceled out, the marquis bought these fifteen acres and erected this house, and when, later on, it was decided to remove these historic figures and the clock from the church, he bid them in, set them up here, and thereafter called his abode 'St. Dunstan's.'"

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On the way to the conservatory, which is now a workshop, was passed a sort of alleyway, between shrubbery, with a railing on each side. The blind guide kept one hand on this, and directly at the end, where several paths branched off, he turned sharply to the right.

"Do you notice," he asked, "just before we come to the end of this railing, my hand meets a little raised button? That tells me that I must turn to the right."

In the conservatory were blind soldier boys making all sorts of things under the direction of blind experts. One of the men, who, previous to the war, had been a gamekeeper near Nottingham, was just finishing a wooden "foster-mother" to be used in the hennery; others were making "telescopic tables," stools and hatracks, and beautiful, indeed, some of the work was. Still others were weaving mats, busy with basket work, repairing shoes. Most of them were whistling—one sightless boy, who, seated on the floor, was fabricating a basket, being engaged in pouring out, "When the Boys Come Home," with all the strength of his lungs. I talked with several of them and they all seemed interested in their work and hopeful for the future. Pearson had a friendly word and a grasp of the arm for each of them and knew them all by their names.

Next were visited the poultry farm and the market garden, and finally what is one of the most remarkable features of the place—the last two combined. Here, by a most ingenious arrangement of wired inclosures radiating from the four walls of the chicken house, with a door in each wall, the blind man learns to rear his chickens with orderly changes of run, and grow a succession of crops. The chief instructor in this branch is another wonderful blind man, Capt. Pierson Webber, an ex-army man who lost his sight in India, nearly twenty years ago. Now he is one of the greatest poultry experts in England, owning a big poultry farm of his own and holding the post of lecturer to three English county councils.

As a result of Capt. Webber's instruction, his latest pupils can do surprising things. They can, for example, identify any breed of fowl. They would take up one, carefully submit the comb to a minute examination, feeling the length and thickness, next doing the same to the foot of the bird, all this with a keen air of concentrated interest. Then they would announce the breed, Orpington, Leghorn or Sussex, as the case might be, and in very few instances did these blind Tommies' judgment prove inaccurate.

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Back across the lawn, Pearson made a beeline for the steps of the terrace, a hundred yards away, talking volubly all the time in answer to questions.

"We have now 105 men under our roof," said he, "and fifty-two teachers, practically all of them voluntary workers. The initial difficulty is to persuade the blinded soldiers to come. They think 'I shall go quite off my head if I'm there among a lot of other blind men all moping and feeling sorry for themselves,' but, as you've seen, nobody does mope here. In reality, it is the worst possible thing for a newly made blind man to be among seeing relatives, as they are always sympathizing with him and making him still more dejected. Here we are all blind together, and all busy and happy. We all have to fall downstairs and bump into each other until we know the rules of the paths and look silly till we learn our particular job, and no one is any better or any worse than anybody else.

"The men work four hours a day," he went on, "two in the morning and two in the afternoon, for there is no use in driving a blind man too hard unless he himself wants to work longer, as many of our fellows do. The usual course here is about six months, and after that we set them up in whatever trade they have learned. No, there is no hunting for berths. For the most part, it is home-work which we teach them, and after they leave here it is merely a case of supplying them with sufficient work to do. And, while they are here, besides just about enough work, they have plenty of amusement, games, concerts, and many other kinds of entertainment, besides which we have a special 'noise room' filled with gramophones and other musical instruments, where they can go and kick up as much of a row as they like. We have been going now about a year, and the public has helped us magnificently. All kinds of famous folk come to visit and amuse us, too, including the king and queen, and Queen Alexandra and the Prince of Wales, who came to see us the last time he was home from the front on leave."

"How can you teach a blind man to be a diver?" was asked.

"As easily as anything," was the prompt reply. "After all, what is a diver but a blind man? The diver who is building breakwaters and piers works in the dark, for, even if the water is clear, his work disturbs it, and makes it impossible for him to see anything through it. All a blind workman needs for the work really is to learn to use the telephone and to give the right number of tugs at the communicating rope. And diving is one of the best paid of professions!"

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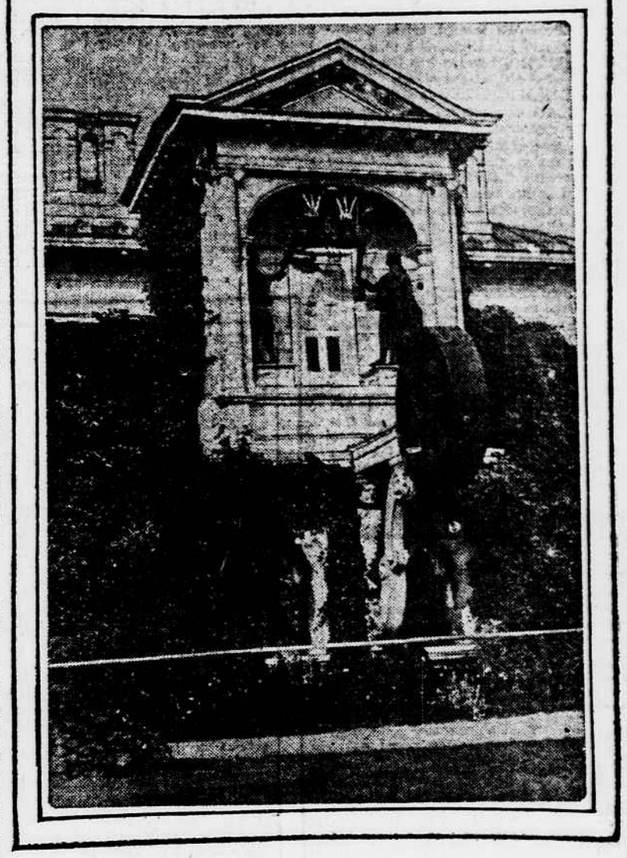
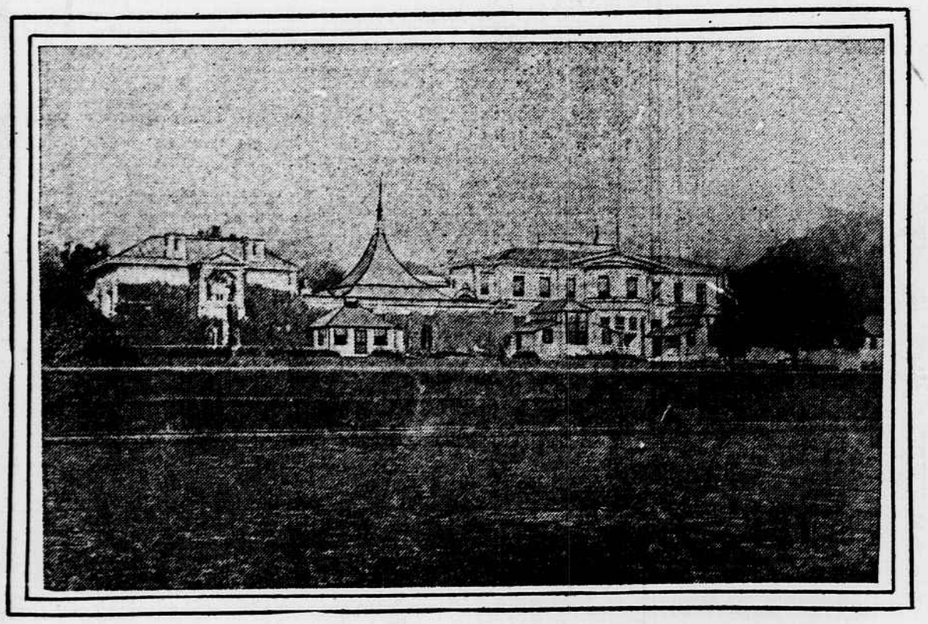


THE FAMOUS CLOCK OF "ST. DUNSTAN'S."

Now mounted, with its quaint figures, in the wall of the mansion which is named after it, this aged timepiece was formerly in the steeple of the old London church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West.



WHERE THE BLIND RECEIVE THEIR LESSONS.

"St. Dunstan's," the historic London residence of Otto Kahn, the American millionaire, which has been turned into a temporary home and school for British soldiers and sailors who have been blinded in battle.

BLIND SOLDIERS AS POULTRY EXPERTS.

One of the many useful trades which the sightless guests at "St. Dunstan's Hostel" are taught is that of poultry keeping and breeding. Their instructor is a blind man, one of the greatest poultry experts in England.

ALASKAN DOGS FOR EUROPEAN WAR.

ALONG, long call for more cannon fodder! A call that has reached half way around the world and penetrated the frozen fastnesses of the white north. The greed of the war god is insatiable.

From the heart of Alaska 106 of the finest and most highly valued of native dogs have been selected to face the great sacrifice and the perilous hazards of war in France. Lieut. R. R. Taas of France was compelled to temporarily desert the firing line and journey into the far north for these superb specimens of the canine world.

Lieut. Haas went direct to Nome, where he solicited A. A. Allan's services. Mr. Allan, who is a Scotsman and a hustler, had gathered this band of 106 dogs within twenty-four hours. Nome and the country about Nome was raided for dogs worthy of the honor of aiding and abetting the Frenchmen's cause in his arduous and fatiguing campaign this winter.

The animals made the trip from Nome to Seattle in the steamship Senator. Upon their arrival in Seattle they were the focus of many and all kinds of eyes, but in every glance was admiration. On the evening of October 9 they were put aboard the Canadian Pacific steamer en route for Vancouver, B. C. From Vancouver they traveled to Quebec, from there to New York city, and one more ocean voyage and then their destination, France, the country which adopts them and for which they will faithfully lay down their lives.

Their duties for the winter will be to haul every sort of provision through the Alps and to drag heavy machine guns from one scene of siege to another. They will have need of every ounce of fighting courage and pluck they have to carry them through the winter unscathed. Not once will they dare relax and cease eternal vigilance.

Best known of those among them is the famous Allan-Darling team. The Allan-Darling team has won racing honors for Alaska; twice they were victorious in what is known as the "All-Alaska sweepstakes." Thousands of dollars have been wagered in these sweepstakes of 412 miles.

Many a time Alaska has boasted, and with excellent reason, of her wonderful racers, their intelligence, their powers of endurance, their prowess, their strength, their beauty and their fleetness of foot.

The Allan-Darling team was the property of a Nome man, "Scotty" Allan, and Mrs. C. E. Darling of Berkeley, Cal.

The thought of parting with favorite dogs was plainly an ordeal to Allan. He was so loath to leave them that it is doubtful if he could have finally been persuaded to do so were it not for a kennel of younger dogs that he considers equal to those he sold. He accompanied them, however, as far as Quebec.

The veterans of the one hundred and six are called "Kid," "Bob," "Tracy," "Hector," "Judge" and "Tom." To them belong not only the distinction of being veterans, but champions, too. These have taken part in several of the Nome-Candle races, and have invariably done their owners credit.

The majority of the dogs are malamutes or huskies. Many years ago the Russian priests had need of a dog that could resist the penetrating cold and face the withering rage of the terrible arctic storms. They bred the malamute. The malamutes number among their ancestors the fiercest and the strongest of wolves.

The others of the brave one hundred and six are half-breeds—dogs with both malamute and good, plain dog blood in them. The half-breed can withstand the cold quite as well as the native Alaska dogs—the malamute—and has even more vigor.

People of note and of title have taken occasion to visit the great racers of the north whenever the slightest opportunity offered itself, and never has their praise been stinted when observing them.

With each dog shipped to the war went a complete harness. Six sleds, each twelve feet long, and with a carrying capacity of 1,000 pounds, were also sent to France. The French will build more sleds, and these six will be used as models.

An Alaskan dog commands from $25 to $150. They have an average speed of ten miles an hour and frequently travel as far as 100 miles a day. It is estimated that a good dog can draw 200 pounds. Anywhere from one to twelve dogs constitutes a team.

Their food is dried fish, a dish of which they are extremely fond.

When Lieut. Haas and Scotty Allan, with his 106 dogs, started for the Nome wharf in Alaska they attracted the attention of every Nome inhabitant, and even the court adjourned. The dogs formed a line of some 347 feet.

HAULING ICE TO FURNISH WATER FOR USE IN A SCHOOL.

Apes of Gibraltar.

THE Rock of Gibraltar is the home of a highly prized and carefully protected tribe of Barbary apes. The chief of this tribe is one "Major," and in Gibraltar there is a saying that it "were better to kill the governor than Major."

This band of apes numbers about twenty. They came, mysteriously enough, from Africa many years ago and claimed citizenship in Europe. They are duly protected by the authorities, and any addition by birth to their number is carefully chronicled and announced in the local paper.

These apes transfer their abode, from time to time, according to the state of the weather, from the highest peaks of the rock to lower and more sheltered places. They indulge their sense of humor at times by throwing stones at the soldiers. They may not be seen for weeks at a time, save in the early morning hours.

A few years ago, on account of the diminishing numbers of these creatures, some apes were procured from Barbary and turned loose upon the rock; but the resident apes killed them all. Although so fierce to intruders of their own kind, they never attack human beings, and are greatly esteemed.

All Very Tragic.

AT the Players' Club in New York the happy ending so essential to a play's financial success was being discussed, when Butler Glaenzer said:

"No play has a happy ending."

They looked at him through the cigarette smoke in amazement.

"No play has a happy ending," he repeated. "It runs on and on, and at last it ends tragically in some one-horse town, with the entire road company stranded and without the price of an oyster stew among the lot of them."

Specialist Describes Teaching of Home Economics.

(Continued From Fourth Page.)

troduced wherever possible, and the mothers are invited to be entertained by their daughters. The students come from all classes and sections, as far away as Santa Rosa. The furniture of the school was made by the students, and is of the highest quality.

"In the School of Agriculture, University of California, there is a course offered in dietetics. Other departments of the university offer courses that are of value in a home economics course. These are in economics, sociology and sanitary science.

"The Santa Barbara Normal, which is beautifully located, and which has a large corp of teachers, offers a course in which one line of food preparation includes dietetics, and one line is known as "The House." The students may elect sewing instead of food preparation, and it is possible for them to carry both.

"In the Santa Rosa, Cal., city schools the work has been established two years. One hundred and twenty girls are enrolled in domestic science and domestic art. It is elective, and these represent one-third of the entire enrollment of girls. There are three teachers in charge, two excellent food laboratories, and the food and sewing alternate, one double period for each occurring every day. The eighth grade spring semester work consists entirely of 20-cent lunches, which pay for themselves.

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"The San Jose Normal School maintains an excellent one-year course in home economics. It has twelve weeks of sewing of two hours each day. This includes hand sewing, advanced sewing and dressmaking, and lectures in textiles. The cooking is for two hours daily for one year. The home includes sanitation and household decoration, and is for twelve weeks, one hour daily.

"The Girls' Trade School at Minneapolis has remarkable facilities for training the girls in both home-making and wage-earning operations that are allied to the home, such as conducting a cafeteria, a lunchroom and a tearoom, in which they serve tea every afternoon to their parents and women in the neighborhood who patronize it.

"The girls at this school also take orders and go out and cater. They cook quantities of food on order, and in the sewing department take orders for fine lingerie. While I was there visiting they had on hand twenty-five orders for hats to fill.

"The Lucy Flower School, of Chicago, does much the same work, and also trains girls in the use of large power sewing machines. The most interesting phase of the work here was the cafeteria. This is operated by a class of girls who purchase the materials, plan the food served and keep all books connected with it.

"In Los Angeles, in all the schools, home economics are required from fifth to eighth grades, and in 'neighborhood schools' from the fourth to the eighth grades. Domestic art and sewing appear in all grades from the fourth up, and include ordinary hand and machine work, the use of the machine being introduced very early in the course. The fourth grade children are taught to make doll clothes.

"In the poorer districts the material for the garments made is supplied by the schools, and if the children are not able to buy the garments they are sold for the cost of the material, or given where needed. This results in an increased cost to the school authorities, but affords a uniform quality of material upon which the children work.

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"A unique nursery plan is carried out in the Utah School in Los Angeles. The children here are all from foreign parents and poor families. The students in domestic science bake all the bread supplied to the nursery, which is maintained for children under kindergarten age. The children in this nursery vary in age from eight weeks up to four years, and the 'little mothers' of the school take care of them. These older girls are called in to assist in the bathing of the children and in operating the necessary laundry, where good laundry methods are taught and complete sterilization of materials is practiced. The students in housekeeping take entire care of a cottage, in which two teachers are resident. Those in quantity cooking prepare a noon luncheon for twelve teachers.

"In still another school in that city instead of the ordinary cafeteria the domestic science children prepare a penny lunch, which is served to a large number, and which, owing to the poverty of the neighborhood, is greatly needed.

"At the Hostetter School, located in the far suburbs of the city, in a foreign neighborhood with many rural conditions, a penny lunch and a laundry is operated, as well as cooking and sewing rooms. Personal laundry by neighborhood women is permitted in this school. Instruction is given in the growth of the child from babyhood up, and long and short clothes are made by the students.

"In the Amelia School mending is taught to the children who need mending done, a certain hour being set aside when any child may report for this repair work, the teacher supplying the needles, thread, buttons, etc. This is especially helpful for the child of poor and busy parents, who have not the time to take care of their clothing.

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"A fresh-air school at Kenosha, Wis., interested me because of the luncheons served to the children and the studies in their gain made in weight, due to correct diet and proper rest. The children are followed out into their homes, and instruction in better living is given to the parents wherever possible. The cooking is of strictly practical type, and aids the girls to better conditions in their own homes. The meal is the center around which all food lessons are planned.

"An unusual feature at the University of Minneapolis was the residence in which twenty persons are living, nine girls going in for nine weeks, with one teacher and ten boarders. This house has to be made self-supporting, the boarders paying $25 per month, and the girls paying $20 per month. The food study at this university is divided into two semesters, the first the technique of cookery, the second consisting of meals prepared in the laboratory and set out for observation on the laboratory desks. These meals are worked out as to cost, calories and nutritive ratio.

"A new venture in education efforts is carried out in a grammar school in Minneapolis, where there is a class of 100 boys in cooking.

"A community house is established in Portland, Oreg., for students in home economics. This house is rented and costs $18 per month. Fuel, lights and telephone are extra. It is completely furnished, the furniture in the building being made by the boys in the grammar school nearby. The girls are of the seventh and eighth grades in the grammar school, and each student spends one-half day each week in this house. The time of the students is divided between sewing, housekeeping and lunch preparation.

"One girl each time is detailed as general manager, and she keeps account of all expenditures and the reports are gathered and filed in regular order. The luncheon each day is sufficient for fifteen students. Much practice is obtained by preparing food for sale. The girls wash windows, varnish floors and woodwork, keep the cellar clean and in sanitary condition, mow the yard if it needs it, cultivate a small garden which supplies fresh vegetables, and do such laundrying as is necessary for the house.

"A distinct phase of the Seattle (Wash.) work is the competitive exhibitions held throughout the city schools. Every girl makes an article for exhibition, scores her article and all others. Between 6,000 and 7,000 students enter the contests in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades and high school. Sixth grades compete in patching, seventh grades in buttonholes, eighth grades in bread, first year high school in bread, rolls and dollar dresses, second year high school in dietetic dinners."

Mrs. Calvin said that another line of development in home economics has been found in the rural school work. There are 6,000 one-room schools in Indiana, and in each of these some instruction in home-making must be given.

The introduction of home economics instruction in the grammar and rural schools is a recognition of the fact that 75 per cent of these girls will go no farther than the eighth grade in their education," she said. "This also has led to a change in the system of teaching sewing. The girl in the seventh grade is now taught the uses of the sewing machine, where a few years ago she was simply made to keep a very neat book of models.

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"One thing we are especially interested in right now is the hot lunch for the rural school children. This hot lunch will serve several purposes. First it will supply the child with the necessary amount of hot food to go with his cold lunch; and, second, it affords an opportunity to teach food preparation in the country school. In addition to these two very good reasons, a certain civilizing influence is brought to bear on the children when they all sit down together to dine. In this way they can be taught proper table manners, too.

"A marked change in the study of sewing has been to teach the children how to make usable articles of clothing not only for themselves, but likewise for others. In some of the schools the girls are taught how to make complete baby outfits, and as they sew they hear talks on the care of infants. They are taught how to make clothes for their brothers and sisters at home, thus giving a lesson in unselfishness in addition to one in sewing. It is not well for a child always to be working on things for her own use and pleasure.

"I was surprised to observe that throughout the country where domestic science is taught there has been a general movement among the children in the way of making clothes for the Belgian Relief and Red Cross associations. The school children sewed and presented to these organizations many pieces of much needed and useful wearing apparel for the needy in the war zone. In that way they not only learned how to make a useful article, but also had awakened in them all their charitable instincts."